**From Prison to Revenge: Bode DeSousa Strikes Back**

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# From Prison to Revenge: Bode DeSousa Strikes Back

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Tola Martins, Tunde Martins, and Kole Adesola have gone back to their lives after fooling Bode DeSousa's plan, a few months before, to use Kole in order to get at Tunde and steal information from his company for his own personal benefit. For them, peace has returned, but Bode will not remain silent, despite his monologue which explored his self-serving reasons why he kidnapped Tunde and Tola, which made him disliked by the populace. He plans to get back at the Martins family and everyone who has wronged him, including his former lackeys, and Tola's friend, Kole, among others.

Notes

I wrote this for the "Be The First!" competition, as its the first Iwájú fic on AO3 (and anywhere, with none on fanfiction.net or Wattpad either)! I hope more people write about this rad show, which should have been MUCH longer! Also, if you've watched this series, you will know it ends happily, so I wanted to turn that on its head. If you still want to sign up for the "Be The First!" competition, you can do so here

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

**Update**: This fic has been cross-posted on Squidge World and the text here was, as a result, revised/improved from what was originally posted here, after it was posted there on 11/24/24.

See the end of the work for more notes

Being thrown in Kirikiri Prison in Lagos was not part of his plan. He had never expected his loyal assistants, whether Ms. Happiness or Sunday Adelekan, or any of the others, to turn on him. It infuriated him that a ten-year-old kid named Tola, the daughter of well-known scientist Tunde Martins, her friend Kole Adesola, and a lizard named Otin, beat him, and surreptitiously exposed his views to the entire city.

He detested people living on the rich island enclave of Lagos, while he, and the majority of the citizens, lived in the mainland. It was overcrowded. People only traveled to the island so they would work, but were often treated terribly by those who employed them. He had been through one such experience with his mother, which led him to become a crime lord dedicated to giving back, what some would call a "Robin Hood." This time, however, he believed he had to get back at any person who'd wronged him, especially those who recently betrayed him. All he had to do was...get out of prison.

This facility was a horrid place. It was packed to the gills. Over sixty percent of the inmates inside were awaiting trial. People inside were given a pittance. The food consisted of badly cooked beans for breakfast every day, and terrible soup and rice. The administrators often lied about an increase in the food allowance. Every year, the food seemed to get worse. Some people had to cook their own meals, often on old-style kerosene stoves, and could only purchase raw foods from the prison's welfare officer.

Some prisoners were like kings: they could have their own cook, person to wash their clothes, and other people who did errands. Bode liked this. It allowed him to put up with the awful conditions and abominable medical care, at least for the time being, while planning his next move. He was determined to not die in this prison. He had to escape… somehow.

Other inmates saw him as intimidating, seeing his huge stature and booming voice. None dared to make fun of him for his weight. That would that be rude, hostile, and petty. They had no need to pick at him like that. Rather, they would rather be his comrade. Surely, he could be harsh and demanding, but... once you were part of his crew, he respected the work you put in.

When he had been on the mainland, he paid his lackeys, what some would call "henchmen," "henchers," or mercenaries, fairly. At the same time, he kept the lion's share of the money for himself. Being too greedy and wanting to get back at Tunde was his downfall. His planning skills were not always the best. Sometimes, he was too eager to strike back at the well-off, capitalists, or whatever they were called these days. But, perhaps that didn't matter this time.

"Hey, did you hear, there's an escape plan tonight… anyone in?" a man next to him whispered. He was all ears. He had to get out of here. He had to get his revenge on those well-off fucks that did him in. He could care less about whether they had a happy family or whatnot. Of course, his former lackeys were next on the list, but going after the Martins was his top priority.

Some malevolent people would have murdered them. He didn't want to do that. Instead, he wanted to make a statement, to make clear how those with wealth were corrupt while the poor didn’t get the respect they deserved. This went hand-in-hand with his plan to make

himself a popular hero of sorts, to raise his stature again, to reclaim the honor he had "lost" when he had been thrown in the slammer.

One man in particular, who had developed technical skills, Umar Bello, specifically when it came to hacking into computer systems, was of interest to Bode. "So, Umar," he began, "I heard you are a whiz with computers...is that true...my man?" The man nodded. He cowed, seeing a huge, towering man who stretched over him. Bode smiled his characteristic smile and cracked his knuckles. "Good...everything is falling into place." He had one more question to ask Umar before the escape happened. He had to know whether this fellow inmate would help him get back at the Martin family.

"Umar...once we get out of this wretched prison, this place meant to seclude us, to separate us from everyone else, so the rich can feel safe...will you help me with a job?...I have a score to settle."

Like before, Umar remained a bit afraid. However, he had his wits about him. He knew that messing with someone like Bode would be bad news, from what he had heard from fellow inmates. At the same time, he naively believed that Bode would only bring him on this one job and he could go off on his merry way. That was his hope at least.

"Yes...sir...I can do that for you...I will do what I can to help you...settle a score."

Later that night, without warning, the power to the entire Kirikiri Prison turned off. Prison guards and administrators scrambled to find the backup generator. The cell doors opened with the press of a button. The inmates scrambled out of their cells and looked up. The moonlight shone across the prison floor, while the electric lights remained non-existent. Although many prisons in Lagos were technologically-advanced, they were extremely vulnerable to power failure. And if you knew where to strike, they would go down in an instant. That’s what happened here.

Umar pressed another button on his smartphone, which he had somehow smuggled into the prison. The backup generator began overheating and exploded, knocking down and injuring those trying to repair it. In the process, it miraculously also caused a wall to crumble, almost like this was planned, rather than a happy accident. The inmates went streaming out of the hole, and easily overwhelmed the terrified guards, some of whom fought back, and others who dropped their weapons and fled for their lives. In a mere ten minutes, the inmates had escaped, and the prison was engulfed in flame.

Bode grabbed Umar’s hand. "Ok...its time you held up you end of the bargain." Umar nodded nervously. He did not like being forced around to do anything. He had become a hacker who tried to bring down corporations which were exploiting the working class for this reason. On the other hand, he hypocritically was the leader of his hacker cell, which the authorities were always trying to bust.

Umar used available wireless and internet networks to hack into a flying taxi. The driver was bewildered. Bode wasted no time in pushing the man outside to his consternation. "Hey man, that's my car! What are you doing!" the person yelled. Bode just gave him the evil eye as the taxi flew away. He knew the man would likely report them to the police, but could care less. He had been on the run from the authorities before, *so why would this time be any different?*

In no time at all, they reached an area near the Martins family estate. It was surrounded by a fence and had security cameras up the wazoo. They landed in just the right spot away from the cameras. Inside, Tola was playing with her friend Kole, while her father, Tunde was one floor above, sitting on his computer, typing away. His back was to the window, so he couldn't see what was going on outside. Tola and Kole were concentrated on their game. Otin was at the corporation's headquarters, where Tunde's boss, Mrs. Usman was studying him, to figure out how to improve it. Tunde hoped this would lead to mass production of these lizards-of-sorts. All these vulnerabilities would be exploited.

Although the house had strong encryption protecting it, this was no match for a person like Umar. His skills were unmatched and unparalleled. In no time at all, hot scalding water began spraying out of the sprinkler system. Tola and Kole screamed, writhing on the floor in agony. "Dad, make it stop!" Tola yelled. He ran down the stairs as fast as he could and grabbed them both, while the water burned his skin. He attempted to stop the sprinklers, but he had been locked out of the system. He led them outside the house and stood with both of them on the house’s front lawn. He called Mrs. Usman for assistance, although she wasn't sure what to do.

At the insistence of Bode, who was threatening him within moments of his life, Umar made the house’s energy generator, part of the smart house, overload. Suddenly, a huge greenish-colored explosion enveloped the house, to the horror of Tola, Kole, and Tunde. While this did not destroy the house, since it was well-built, this caused it to catch on fire, and begin to smolder. Everything that was inside, whether personal photos, documents, or anything else would be gone. Any personal effects like clothes would be incinerated. Tunde was flabbergasted that someone would do something so evil. He knew, from personal experience, that this would scar Kole and Tola for years to come.

Out of nowhere, Bode stepped forward. He laughed maniacally. "This is what you get...Martin family! You are the ones who ruined my life...so it's my time to ruin yours!" The cop cars appeared not long after his declaration, making him realize that Umar had called them, which angered him. *Could no one side with him? Did he do something wrong?*

He grimaced. Although he had not expected this turn of events, he turned toward the phones of onlookers as he was taken away into a cop car. He knew how to turn public opinion his way.

Despite the fact he'd be admitting his guilt, he cared little The court system was against people like him anyway. "Take this as a warning, affluent people of Lagos...this is only the beginning...you will be next...I will assure you."

His laughter echoed across the streets, sending a chill across the wealthy neighborhood. People were terrified. They would do *anything* to ensure that someone like him would never do this again. His words echoed with the downtrodden on the mainland. Their hostility toward the islanders was at a tipping point. All that would be needed would be for someone to light the spark. And Bode may have done exactly that.

Tunde hugged Kole and Tola. They all stared at the house as it smoldered through the night, its stillness remaining as the cops and onlookers departed. Tola began to cry. She would never forget this day. It would stick with her forever. She vowed to ensure this would *never* happen to anyone again. It remained an open question whether she understood why Bode would do

something like this, or why those on the mainland would be so furious at people like her father, and herself. That class consciousness was almost non-existent for her. In contrast, Bode realized it more than most, even if people, especially well-off people who were sympathetic to poor people's plight, didn't always agree with his methods.

End Notes

I based this prison on the Wikipedia page entitled "Kirikiri Maximum Security Prison." Umar comes from an Arabic root word meaning "to live" or "life," while Bello derives from a Latin word meaning "beautiful." Umar's character is very loosely based on Elliott Alderson from Mr. Robot. In some ways I wanted to explain more of Bode's reasoning, which was lacking from the series, which encouraged viewers to side with Tunde and Tola, and also Kole.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!